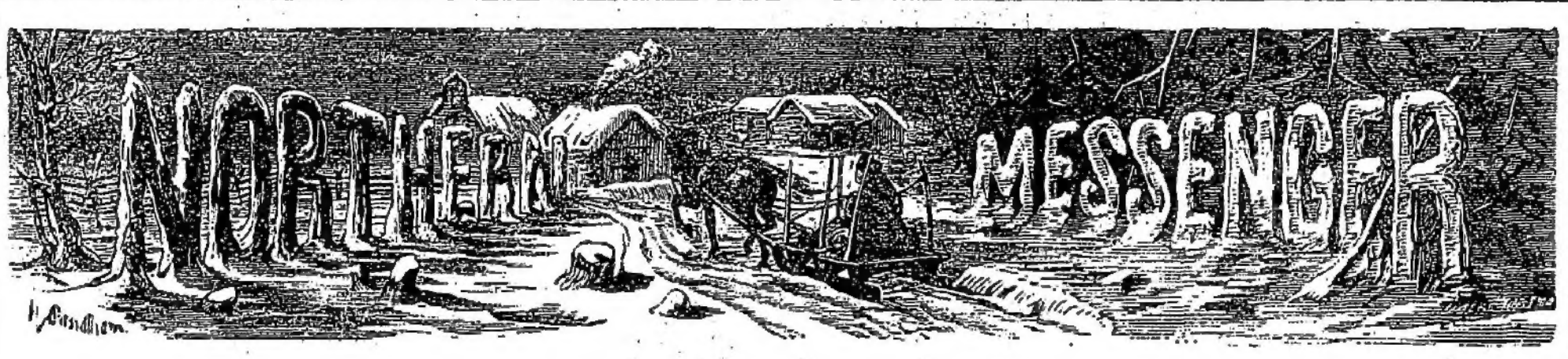

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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WHILST THE SNOWFLAKES FELL ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHAPTER I.

The snowflakes came floating down softly—swiftly—silently, alike in origin, alike in nature, alike in form and hue, but, on reaching this planet earth, becoming wonderfully unlike in position. For some of the shining particles were arrested in their downward course by lofty mountain or towering steeple. Others descending lower, rested on snug manor-roof or farm-house, or still lower, whilst the greater number found their level on the wide-sweeping plain. Snow-flakes, however, being indifferent to position, it mattered little to them whether they fell high or low; and not a bit prouder, happier, or whiter looked such, for instance, as happened to light on the turreted dome of Castle Dermott, than their millions of kindred that lay in fair pretty confusion on the terraced slopes below.

But even "pretty" things gain scanty admiration when they are as common as snowflakes on the 24th of December; indeed, "tiresome," "odious," "vexatious," were these special "snow-flakes" successively termed by Annette Dermott, who had intended spending the whole afternoon superintending the Christmas decorations in the church; but in consequence of the weather and a recent cold had been forbidden by mother to venture out of doors. "It is so disappointing!" she repeats for the fiftieth time, viewing despondingly the whitening world through the window-panes, which seem all tufted over with tiny feathers. "I had quite set my heart on having the church really prettily decorated this year, and now, I am sure the wreaths will be hung badly, and probably half the letters turned upside down! Is it not a very provoking storm, Ronald?" And Annette turns appealingly to her brother—a schoolboy of fourteen, who had just returned from gathering a bundle of holly, and was now enjoying a rest in the biggest easy-chair in the room.

"Yes, very. But any one can stick little bits of holly about," he answers.

"Stick little bits of holly about! How very stupid schoolboys are!" resents Annette. "I could have carried out my idea beautifully but for this horrid snow!"

"If it freeze to-night, how nice it will be walking to-morrow on the hard crisp ground!" ventured little Effie, the youngest sister, glancing up from the manufacture of a doll's bonnet, in which she had been absorbed for some time.

"Freeze!—and spoil the St. Stephen's hunt, the best fun in the whole vacation!" objected Ronald, now thoroughly in earnest.

"But a white Christmas would be so pretty—and I only remember black, wet ones," remonstrated Effie, quoting from her brief experience of nine years.

"Black Christmases! Did anybody ever hear such nonsense?" said Ronald. "I hope we may have a regular downpour of rain. Rain won't prevent Santa Claus coming, you know, Effie; and that's all you care about."

"I don't care much for anything Santa Claus can bring me this time, unless it be a doll with blue eyes to match exactly this bonnet." And Effie holds up her wee specimen of millinery. "Blue eyes, and real hair that I can curl myself every day, like what mother says her dolls used to have; all mine have only flax and I cannot fix it."

"That's because women get all the hair which was meant for dolls, to make up their own hideous frisettes and false 'shigs' expounded Ronald, contemptuously. You'll be stealing your dolly's hair to do the same by-and-by, Effie."

Effie rather indignantly refuted this cruel prophecy as the sitting-room door was opened, and the servant addressed Miss Dermott,—

"The little boy, Martin Daly, ma'am, is returned from the church, and has brought up the 'greens' that were over, as you desired him."

"Returned is he? Then the church must be finished!" Annette half rises from her chair, but quickly reseats herself. "No; I shall not ask him how it looks as I know his answer would only vex me. Bid him leave those evergreens in the servants' hall and run home,—and here, give him this shilling, as it is Christmas time, and such a bad day. Christmas is really a most tiresome season—now isn't it, cousin Charlie?" she added, addressing the fourth and much senior occupant of the luxurious apartment, who, invalided by an accident, reclined upon a sofa opposite the window, an open book in his hand. He did not immediately reply.

"Oh, don't expect an answer from cousin Charlie, he's dreaming as usual," laughed Ronald. "However, I'll settle the question by giving my own opinion thereupon, which is, that, except for vacation, Christmas is decidedly tiresome. I am sick of Christmas presents and Christmas trees; and as to Christmas cards——" Ronald paused, unable to call up a strong enough adjective.

"I wish we could invent a new way of spending Christmas," half sighed Effie.

"Christmas without presents, trees, cards, or even holidays!" put in cousin Charlie, suddenly rousing himself. "Would that be the 'way,' Effie?"

"Oh, no! for then it would be only like any other part of the year, and it ought to be quite unlike, you know. But if we could think of a new, pleasant, nice way!"

"I wonder how little Martin Daly spends Christmas," went on cousin Charlie; "or if he was ever tired of trees, or Santa Claus, or——"

"Martin Daly!" interrupted Annette, rather haughtily. "How could he? Of course he never even heard of Santa Claus; but then, he is quite different from us."

"Quite differently placed in the world, you mean." And cousin Charlie was silent again, whilst his eyes, this time raised from his book were fixed on the snowflakes, which still continued their swift, pretty descent. "How similar to each other those white atoms are!" he resumed presently. "Perfectly similar in every respect, yet what varied situations they happen to fall upon! Some, lighting on the high bank, will rest there undisturbed till gradually melted by the warm sun; others, descending but a couple of feet lower on the terraced walk, will be crushed into moisture by the heel of the first passer-by, or possibly Effie's own little feet to-morrow. Human beings are very much alike. It is only a mere matter of position or circumstances makes them apparently 'quite different.' High or low, rich or poor, they think and feel, suffer in pain, rejoice in happiness."

Annette glanced quickly at her cousin, then out at the snowflakes. And as she, too, read the parable the unconscious particles unfolded, a humbled, softened expression,

MAKING FOR HOME.

replaced the dissatisfied, petulant look her face had worn all the morning. A great fault in her character was a proneness to treat, not unkindly, but proudly, unsympathizingly, people occupying an inferior social grade to her own; and now, all at once, this fault stood out in a strong repelling vividness before her; she became silent in her turn, feeling rebuked and repentant. Cousin Charlie was by no means of an "overlecturing" disposition; and he spoke after a pause in a lighter tone.

"Effie has been suggesting we should invent a new way of spending Christmas. The old 'tiresome' mode seems to have consisted exclusively in getting an overwhelming amount of presents and pleasure. What if we should try the variety of giving to somebody (who has had no former experience of them) a few of those good things whose repetition has made us feel sick? Suppose, for instance, we take poor Martin Daly, who has 'never even heard of Santa Claus,' and surprise the little fellow with a basket of Christmas boxes?"

"A Christmas basket for Martin! What a grand idea!" cried Effie, clapping her hands.

"But how should we manage to fill it?" asked Annette, brightening up likewise. "We have only money. It is too late and snowy to send out to buy things this afternoon."

"Oh, I am sure mother would let us buy out of the store-room; only we must be sure to pay or else we would not be giving to Martin," decided Effie. "Do you think Martin would like things out of the store-room, cousin Charlie?"

"I am satisfied he will make no inquiries as to whether Santa Claus collected his offerings in a shop or mother's store-room," returned cousin Charlie.

(To be Continued.)

Temperance Department.

"A CHRISTIAN GAVE IT TO ME."

"A Christian gave it to me"—that fatal glass
Which proved the turning point. The Rubicon
Once crossed, my path was clear to ruin.
I knew its power, and I was struggling sore,
Against the deadly spell. Full many a time
Had taunts of boon companions made me yield,
But grace was given to turn away from them
And now, when I had hoped—yes, hoped once more,
That health, and happiness, and home were mine,
A noble lady, one bright New Year's morn,
Pressed me to take a glass "just for this once,"
In honor of her hospitality.

She did not dream—how could she?—what was meant
By drinking that one little drop of wine.
The buried craving of the days gone by
Uprose anew within me, and I fell
A victim to its power, my being seemed
As set on fire of hell, and from that hour
To this, my downward course was swift and sure.

Oh, Christian! pause and think; was it your hand—
A sister's hand, perchance, which should have helped—
That put temptation in a brother's way?
You say, "I would not;" but you cannot tell
Their soul-surroundings who may cross your path;
You do not know, oh, then consider well,
The possibilities of every case,
And let no erring ones have cause to say
That by your means they have been led astray.

—*The Christian.*

A USEFUL LESSON.

BY DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

I am now going to suggest an extremely curious question. Perhaps when you read it you may think I am making fun of you. I assure you I am not doing so, but am intending to draw from the question a most useful lesson. We will suppose, then, that a child is living on milk. The child is quite well in health, it can run as fast as any other child, and for as long a distance, it can jump as high; it can laugh as merrily; it can sleep as readily and quietly, and wake up as much refreshed as any other child in the world. It can sing; it can learn its lesson easily; it can carry its little body erect, and move its limbs gracefully; it can exercise in the gymnasium, and it can vie with any of its fellows in looking the pink of health and beauty.

Suppose this child, then suppose some one came and said: "Yes, the child has good limbs, good muscles, and he gets these good parts, no doubt, from the milk he takes, the caseine or cheese of the milk builds up those parts well. But here I have got something to put into the milk that is like caseine very much, which the child will hate at first, but will soon learn to like to such an extent that he will not do without it if he can help it." And suppose that after this the muscles of this child became, in consequence, very unruly, so that he could not keep them still, nor make them obey his will and pleasure. Should you not think that the man had done a very foolish and mischievous act? I am sure you would think so.

Or suppose the man, feeling the hand of the little child, said:—"This is a nice healthy little hand, it is not too cool, it is not too warm, and such proper warmth and power that it has it gets from the butter and sugar which is present in the milk on which it feeds. But, see you, I have something here like the butter and the sugar, which the child will hate at first, and will then so learn to love that he will take this new thing, whenever he can get it, in preference to the natural milk." And suppose the man's words proved true, and the child, learning to like the new thing exceedingly, took it and was thrown by it into a fever, and afterwards became extremely cold and chilly and was also made unsettled in his mind, excitable, and cross, and silly. Should you not think that the man had done a very cruel and mischievous and wicked act? I am sure you would think so.

Or, again, suppose the man feeling the bones of the child and moving the limbs, said:—"Oh, yes, the child has a splendid skeleton without any doubt, and he gets that skeleton in part from the caseine and albumen of the milk, and in part from the mineral matter that is in the milk. But I have something here like the bone-forming materials, which the child will hate at first, but will soon learn to like so much that when he can get it he will take it in preference to everything else of the kind." Suppose the child did take the new substance, began to like it, continued to like it, and in time got from it a deformed body, with crooked, weak back and bent legs and feeble gait. Should you not think that the man who induced the child to take such a substance, even though in his ignorance he called it a food, had done a most mischievous, wicked, and cruel act? I am sure you would think so. I should think so at all events, and should do my best to stop the proceedings of that man, whoever he might be, and whatever people might say in his defence.

It is fortunate that no such man has ever arisen to tamper in this way with the solid foods on which we feed. It is, however, unfortunate that when we come to the natural fluid, water, which forms so important a part of our bodies, the case is not so satisfactory. Once in the history of the world, when the human world was in its infancy, and when it was living on milk and on the first fruits of the earth, some man or men came forward and said to those who were living very well on the water that nature gave to them in the fruits, the milk, and the springs and the rivers;—"See you, we have learned how to make a new drink, which you will hate at first, a drink which will make you giddy and sick, and fevered, but which in time you will like, and will like so much, you will always take it when you can get it, in preference to simple water."

And the words proved true; for when men learned, as they did learn, to substitute the drink, which was afterwards called wine, or strong drink, for water, they did indeed begin to like it best. Then, too, they commenced to learn what was the effect of taking this new fluid in place of the simple water which their bodies naturally required, and which forms a portion of all the other parts. For the muscles of those who indulged in this drink began to be unruly and false to the will, and easily powerless, their animal warmth became irregular, now high, now low, their temper began to get feverish fretful, mad, and broken, and their skeleton became early decrepid and old, the back bent and the limbs feeble. Then, in short, a new and widespread disease crept in amongst manhood, which has never left it to this day. I do not ask now, "Suppose a man had done this, do you not think he would have done, however, innocently, a mischievous, cruel, and evil act?" For man has actually done it, and I hope you will agree with me in thinking he ought to do it no longer, if we can stop him.—(From *Drink and Strong Drink.*)

JACK, THE BLACKSMITH.

He was the son of a hotel-keeper, of a social disposition, and a general favorite with all his acquaintances. A bright boy, he made good progress in his studies at school, and, whilst still an apprentice, became the best workman in the shop.

Of an evening he soon learned to tell a good story and to sing a merry drinking song in the bar-room, and invitations to drink were constantly given him.

Is it any wonder that in a few years, after he had married and was the father of children, he sometimes was seen to be much the worse for liquor, and frequently neglected his business? With a shop in a good neighborhood, and a reputation for first-class work and plenty of customers, he and his family might have been in every way prosperous. But the old story of going downhill was soon told of Jack, the blacksmith.

His work was behindhand. He would promise to iron carriages and do other necessary jobs within a certain time, and the promises would not be kept, so his neighbors lost confidence in him, and they soon were obliged to look around for another mechanic in his line. His wife, worn down by unavailing efforts to make both ends meet, grew sickly. His children were neglected. Furniture and clothing became shabby. He was a poor provider. Even his tools and stock began to give out, and when he tried to do a day's work he found himself that he was losing his strength and skill. He had no longer the reputation of a cheerful companion and the sad end of a wretched, drunken life was hurrying on rapidly.

One Saturday night he had some money in his pocket; and, somewhat ashamed of his treatment of his wife and children, he set out for the village stores, intending not to spend his cash for drink, but for food, as there was none in the house. But on the way he fell in with a jolly crowd of idlers, and near midnight he reeled out of the tavern, his money all spent. He had, however, purchased something to take home, for in each pocket of his trousers was a small bottle filled with whiskey—the nearest to anything in the line of provisions that the place where he had spent the evening afforded.

Let him tell the night's story in his own words:

I staggered towards home quite satisfied with my evening's enjoyment, and fully prepared to boast that all the liquor I had drank had not made me at all the worse for it. "Yes," said I, "and here I've got all this good whiskey to take to my folks. Won't we have a jolly old time with it to-morrow? It'll make us all so cheerful." Just then I stumbled over something, and found myself in a ditch where there was soft turf.

"This is a good place to take a nap," says I. So I slept awhile and woke up thirsty. I took a long drink from one of the bottles, and suppose that I repeated it at intervals through the night. Just before sunrise I woke again. It was a lovely Sabbath morning. Everything was as beautiful as only the blooming spring, with singing birds and green fields and trees in blossom, can make it in the open country.

"Why, Jack," said I, "you have been drinking: you have been drunk; you have stayed out all night. This is Sabbath morning. Where are the provisions you were going to carry home? You never expected this. You're a drunkard." And I wept.

After a time I went on talking to myself. "Now, Jack, there's one of two things for you to do. Go on just as you've begun. Drink ahead. Finish up. It won't take long for the old shop to be used up, for the family to be scattered, for you to fill a drunkard's grave. That's one plan. The other plan would be to turn a short corner, and never again to touch a drop of liquor. God would help you to do this. I know it would be very hard to get by the tavern, or to refuse to take a drink with your comrades. Which will you do?"

Perhaps I sat for an hour thinking and making up my mind. Then if anybody ever prayed, I did, down in that ditch. Then I said, "I will try to take the good plan." And I asked for God's help.

This was nine years ago. I had a terrible struggle for the first few days, and sometimes I was almost persuaded to go into the old tavern when my acquaintances laughed at me and dared me to take at least one glass with them. But I held out. Since that morning I have not tasted strong drink.

And now, after nine years, you cannot find a happier family than mine. You will not see a finer or better furnished shop than the one I have built. I have bought the property on which it stands, with my house next door. I owe on all only two hundred and fifty dollars, which I shall pay off this year. And I call my experience a pretty good lesson for others who would know the difference between a drunken and a sober life. No one could tempt Jack, the blacksmith, to drink a glass of liquor, if, as the bribe, he could give him all the money in the world.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SHAKING OUT THE REEF.

BY MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS.

We were talking about drinking liquors moderately, when an old and tried sea-captain said, "Let me tell you one of my experiences. I tell you, my friends, that when folks say, 'It don't hurt anybody if they don't drink much,' they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and got into the trade winds, I would put all the sail on my ship which she could possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning, about eleven o'clock, I used to go down into my cabin and take a good glass of brandy. Before going down I would cast my eye over the ship, see that every sail was full, and every rope was taut. She was under all the sail she could safely carry. On coming up out of the cabin (having taken the brandy), it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow, and the wind had fallen. Then I would sing out 'Aloft there, boys, and shake out the reef!' For awhile, my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By and by when the brandy began to subside, I found she was under too heavy a pressure, the winds seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'Aloft there, boys, and clew up the reef!'

"So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for that lull in the wind just about that hour. One day, not being well, I omitted my brandy, and overheard my steward say to the chief mate, 'Captain takes no brandy, don't think the boys will have to shake out the reefs to-day.' Then I could see the cause for the lull in the winds at a certain hour. From that time I dropped my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, friends, there is no such thing as drinking without drinking too much. It is even so, and those on shore know little about it. Many a captain has felt cold and tired, or sleepy, vexed or troubled, and has gone to the bottle, gained courage to be rash, 'shaken out the reef,' and the ship has been dashed on the rocks, or swamped in the sea. And many a bright boy, the hope of his father and the pride of his mother, falls into jovial company, feels that it would not be manly to refuse to drink, and he drinks, 'shakes out the reef' of home influence, is driven before the gale of intemperance to a drunkard's grave, and reads over the gate of heaven, 'No drunkard shall inherit eternal life.'"—*Church and Home.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

No old-fashioned Christmas dinner is complete without its roast turkey, though the "roast" is usually a "bake," as few housekeepers have the conveniences for roasting in their houses, and, really, when properly baked, a turkey need not be deprived of its honored title of "roast," as it is nice enough to please the most fastidious.

Of course, it is understood that the turkey should be a very good one to begin with, young, plump, as freshly killed as possible, and thoroughly picked and cleaned. Wash it in two or three warm waters, then rinse in cold, until the water is perfectly clear, and wipe it inside and out with a soft towel. Put it in a dry, cold place, and proceed to prepare the stuffing.

Chop bread either fresh or stale, the latter is best, removing hard or brown crusts. Allow a quart of the crumbs for a turkey of six or seven pounds, and more in proportion for larger ones. Put the crumbs in a large bowl, and pour over them just enough hot water to soften them. Cover, and let it stand where it will keep warm, while you gather together the necessary ingredients to make the "perfect" stuffing. If onion is liked, chop a small one, or half a medium-sized one, very fine. Drain the moistened crumbs as dry as possible, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, the chopped onion, and sufficient salt, pepper, and sifted sage to season well. It must be rather highly seasoned than otherwise, as the seasoning "cooks out," or is absorbed by the turkey to a great extent. Then add an egg well beaten, and stir till thoroughly mixed. Other flavorings are sometimes used, mace, and any variety of sweet herb liked, thyme, sweet marjoram, and summer savory, but nothing is quite so nice, we think, as the old-fashioned sage, unless one uses a little chopped celery, which we prefer to the onion.

Now rub the inside of the turkey with salt, (a teaspoonful is sufficient for a turkey under ten pounds in weight,) and proceed to fill with the stuffing. Begin at the neck which should be cut close, turning the skin back that it may be drawn over and tied closely at the end after the stuffing is put in. Then stuff the body full, and sew up with a darning needle threaded with strong thread or twine. Tie the legs down at the side, and put it where it will keep cool and dry until morning.

A turkey should always be made ready for the oven the day before it is to be cooked as in this way it is well seasoned throughout.

Now as to the baking. Rub the turkey with salt, and place it on a grate in a large dripping pan, pour half a pint of boiling water into the pan, not over the turkey, and put it in the oven which should be at a very moderate heat at first. Indeed, during the first hour the turkey should not brown, but have more the appearance of being steamed. After it begins to brown, baste at intervals of half an hour, perhaps with its own drippings if the turkey is fat, if not, use a little butter, and dredge lightly with flour. When well browned on one side, it should be carefully turned, which will be much more easily done if the pan is removed from the oven. At no time should the oven be very hot, as even a small turkey of six or seven pounds should cook for four hours. Larger ones may not need quite so much time in proportion, yet half an hour to a pound is a good rule to follow, underdone poultry of any kind being both unpalatable and unwholesome, and the difference in flavor between a turkey—or chicken—which is cooked slowly, and that of one which is baked as one would cook a piece of beef, is convincing proof as to the excellence of the former method.

The gizzard and liver should be put in the pan with the turkey, and when well done, (they require fully two hours' cooking,) chop them fine and place where they will keep warm.

If any of the stuffing is left, roll it in little balls, and put them in the pan about an hour before dinner-time.

When the turkey is done, remove it to a large plate, (a warmed one), take out all the strings with which it was sewed and tied, and place where it will keep warm. Then with a large spoon dip all the fat from the pan, and place the pan with the remaining gravy, stuffing, etc., on the stove where it will heat quickly, add the chopped giblets and sufficient boiling water to make about a pint of gravy, dredge in a tablespoonful of flour, stir rapidly till it boils and pour into a warmed gravy tureen. Put the turkey on a warm platter ready for the table.

Mashed potatoes, baked or steamed sweet potatoes, (the former are much the best), celery, squash, and cranberry sauce are the usual accompaniments.—*Household.*

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. C. RANKIN.

If girls are often awkward, ungraceful and liable to fall into habits which injure both their health and beauty, what shall be said of boys of the same age? Most mothers take great pains with the girls of the family, seeming to think that their "chances" in life largely depend upon their looks and manners.

Yet these same mothers seem utterly indifferent to the disagreeable habits of their boys, or after a few inefficient efforts, they give up with a despairing, "I don't believe boys can help being awkward. They'll come out all right in a few years, and no one expects much of a boy." Now it is possible, though not probable, that the uncouth boy will become a fine appearing man; but even if he should, is it worth while that he should for years render himself disagreeable to all but his nearest friends; that he should repel instead of attract?

Outdoor exercise and sports do much to make boys strong and straight, yet it is very common among those who are growing fast (especially if they read or study a good deal) to find the head thrust forward, the shoulders round and stooping, and a slouching, ungraceful carriage. Until these things are corrected, no boy can be thoroughly strong and vigorous. Is the health of your boy of any less importance than that of your girl?

Biting the nails is one of the most annoying habits, and yet one which almost any boy will fall into unless his mother "nips it in the bud." Not only is it almost unendurable for a nervous person to sit in the room with one of these nail-biting boys, but the young man's hands are injured in appearance, and if the habit be carried to excess, they will become almost deformed. In these days of professional manicures, mothers ought, at least, to see that there are no ragged nails and raw fingers among their children.

A habit of snuffing, or of scraping the throat, of tapping the floor with the foot, or the table with the knuckles, comes on gradually, but once fixed, is exceedingly difficult to overcome. "Eternal vigilance" should be a mother's watchword, for the true secret of curing bad habits is in never allowing them to be formed. The "ounce of prevention" is worth more than the "pound of cure."

I would not take away anything of boyishness or naturalness. A real boy is worth half a dozen fops or dudes. But I do not see why boys should not be as graceful and well-mannered as their sisters, why they cannot sit down at a table without hitting it and jarring the dishes, as well as the tempers of the whole family, why they cannot eat slowly and noiselessly, why they cannot cross a room without stumbling against the furniture, or close a door without slamming it; or sit quietly while reading or listening.

It should be perfectly natural for a boy to lift his hat to his mother or sister when he chances to meet them on the street, to rise from a comfortable chair when older persons enter the room, to entertain a visitor when the rest of the household are occupied. Do you say it is too much to expect a boy to think of all these things? If the mother has trained him from babyhood constantly and carefully, he will do them without thinking.

Good manners are a growth, and boyhood is the time, and home the place in which they should grow.—*Congregationalist.*

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—To one quart of oysters I use two pounds of crackers rolled fine and wet (not too much) with sweet milk. Put a layer of the cracker in your dish, then a layer of oysters, a few pieces of butter, sprinkle over a little salt and pepper, then another layer of the crackers, oysters, etc., as previously mentioned, so continue until all is used, having a layer of the cracker last. Bake in a quick oven until a nice brown. Of course, one-half of the recipe can be used, which is sufficient for a small family.

A HELPFUL CHILD.

I was going to the station to meet a friend, and while on my way I called in at my sister-in-law's to see if she would accompany me. It was not convenient for her to do so. She said:

"Addie would like to go, if you are willing to take her in my place."

Addie is a little nine-year-old niece of my sister-in-law. I said I would gladly take her with me. Addie had just finished shelling a basket of beans. Her aunt told her to put the beans into the pantry. As she rose to do so she looked searchingly around upon the floor to see if a bean or pod had fallen upon it. She spied one bean under the lounge. She quietly moved the lounge and stooping down picked it up, then moved the lounge back in its place. My sister-in-law then said:

"Addie, I think you had better change your dress. Put on the white one you wore yesterday afternoon."

Addie stepped quickly into an adjoining room to do so, and as the folding doors were open I could not help observing the dressing process.

First she opened three bureau drawers, beginning with the lower one. Then she took off her sacque and, after laying it upon a table near by, she folded it neatly and put it in the upper drawer. Then she took off her dress-skirt, laid it upon the table, folded it in the same careful manner and, after putting it beside the sacque, she closed the drawer.

From the middle drawer she took out a folded white dress-skirt. She put it on quickly and then took out a white sacque, unfolded it and, after putting it on, she closed the drawer. From the lower drawer she took out a hat and gloves, put them on, closed that drawer, then went near her aunt and turning her back towards her, she said, apologetically:

"I am sorry to be always troubling you. If the buttons were on the front of my sacque instead of the back I could easily button it myself."

It will be needless for me to tell you, Aunt Marjorie, that I was astonished to see a little nine-year-old child dress herself in such a methodical manner. My sister-in-law told me afterward that her sister, Addie's mother, had six children—the eldest seventeen years old, the youngest seven—and that they are taught "from little bits of things" as she expressed it, to wait upon themselves not only, but to assist their mother. When they get home from school in the afternoon they all go directly into a small room off the front hall, and there they each have a special place for hats, wraps, rubbers, umbrellas, satchels, etc. Then they go where their mother is and "report for duty." It isn't a question with them after school as it is with so many children, "What shall I do to enjoy myself?" on the contrary, "what does mamma want me to do for her?" Now, if a mother is neat, methodical and industrious, and if she wishes her children to be the same, she must do as Addie's mother does, namely from their very babyhood teach them habits of neatness and order and train them to be self-reliant.

Well do I know that it is the labor of years, for I, too, am a mother. But, with a daily, aye, I may say hourly, persistent effort on the part of mothers, children may be trained to render much intelligent help; and not only so, but they will take great pleasure in rendering that help, from the fact that usefulness brings its own happiness with it. "Line upon line," mothers, "precept upon precept."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

LIVE within your means. Make your dress, your house, your furniture, your style of living such as will not subject you to struggle and anxiety to keep up appearances. Be content to set a poorer table than your rich neighbor who has a French cook, and be not ashamed of your faded carpet if you cannot afford a new one. Do not mind what the outside world says; this is your business, not theirs. Outside friends and guests must be drawn to our houses, not so much by costly dinner services and lavish entertainments, as by the kind heart and gracious manners of those who give the invitation.—*Household.*

TO REMOVE remnants of old oil-cloth from floor apply a very hot flat iron which will soften it, so it can be scraped off.

PUZZLES.

SEMI-PHONETIC CHARADE.

My *first* is a river, a contract's my *last*;
My *whole*, if you're caught by, in one sense, you're "fast."

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. I am lazy—behead me, and I am cheap. 2. I am little and love cheese—behead me, and I am cold and clear. 3. I am a mineral—behead me, and I am an accent; behead me again, and I am a number. 4. I am part of a book—behead me, and I am old. 5. I am a belt—behead me, and I am a conjunction: curtail me, and I am an article. 6. I am a stiff piece of paper—curtail me, and I am a conveyance. 7. I am a stick—curtail me, and I am a vessel.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. So careless a remark —— —— —— to his——.

2. The taste the——displayed in music was, to the cultured ear, —— —— ——.

3. It was—— to see the players dodge —— —— —— for fear it would strike them.

4. These are —— —— —— offer to the constant —— of my goods.

5. The prisoner's greatest——was to see if he could find —— —— from the jail.

6. From what —— —— from the papers, he is a man of very —— nature.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Select six words of five letters each, concealed in the following sentences, each word containing within itself another word of three letters; the definitions of both words being given in the same sentence. Arrange the six words first mentioned so as to form a double acrostic; the initials will form the name of a day much reverenced, and the finals will spell a term which may be applied to one who observes the day.

1. Is Lee present this windy afternoon, or is he to be found outside the house, in slumber, on the side opposite the wind?

2. He built us a genteel-looking house, but following the common practice, he allowed the roof to swag a very little.

3. John, I certainly think this fennel a finer garnish than the frozen water-cress we had the other day.

4. The paper defended art, science and religion, but seemed to make thrusts at our form of government in a cunning and covert manner.

5. Can you tell me how far a gorilla must advance to develop into an astronomer of note, or to be able even to sew up neatly a torn piece of cloth?

6. I shall not try raising maize this year nor next,—though I have never ceased to long to try it,—because the ground here will not mature a spike of corn, I am told.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1, Tars. 2, Star. 3, Arts. 4, Sart. 5, Rats.

A MEDLEY.—

S	E	T	H
S	O	U	D
A	S	I	A
K	I	L	L
R	I	O	T
A	R	N	O
F	L	A	G

1 to 7, Husking / 8 to 14 Frolics } HUSKING FROLICS.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Open, pen. 2. Coat, oat. 3. Obey, bey. 4. Educt, duct. 5. Cache, ache. 6. Olive, live. 7. Near, ear. 8. Keek, eek. 9. Ideal, deal. 10. Ghost, host.

CHARADE.—War-saw.

DUTCH BOILED DINNER.—Take a nice piece of corned beef, and a piece of salt pork, lean and fat together, put on in the dinner pot at eight o'clock, and your beets, if in winter, at the same time in a separate kettle at half-past ten, put in your cabbage, turnips and carrots at half-past eleven, your potatoes pared; boil all together and at noon you can serve up a delicious dinner. A nice side dish can be made by tying a cupful of dried beans closely in a bag, put them into the dinner pot in cold water and gradually bring to a boil before the meat goes in. Dish them up, add pepper and a little butter or cream. A nice dessert is made by taking two cupfuls of sour milk, or sweet milk, with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda, but if sour is used, add an even teaspoonful of soda, no salt if you put it in with the meal, stir in Indian meal to make a pretty thick batter, have a cloth bag made rounded at the corners and a trifle larger at the top, wet this, dredge over with flour, pour in the batter, tie loosely so it can swell in cooking, add a little cinnamon and a few dried blueberries or other fruit, put in at nine o'clock and do not lift the cover for an hour. Serve with sweetened cream or some liquid sauce.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"That is just what I wonder," thought Christie; and she ventured to glance in the direction of the turned seat. Wells Burton was looking right at her, and—why! was it possible that he was motioning to her? Her cheeks began to grow pink. What if she should walk over there to him, and he should stare at her and say, "What do you want, little girl?" and it should turn out that he had not thought of such a thing as motioning to her. If anything of this kind should happen, Christie felt that she must certainly sink through the floor. But he kept looking at her, and she felt almost sure that he was nodding his head at her. Poor Christie! It had not begun to take so much courage to pull that bell rope, as it did to think of walking down the aisle and stopping to see if that boy possibly wanted her. In fact, she had pulled the bell without thinking about it at all; but this was different; and her cheeks began to grow very hot, and she wondered whether mother would be ashamed of her for going, or for not going. What would all the passengers think of her for marching down there to talk to a boy whom she had told them she never spoke to in her life? "I won't go," she told herself; "not a step. Why should he be motioning to me? Of course he isn't."

And having settled this to her satisfaction, what did Christie do in the course of the next two minutes, but walk meekly down that aisle, and stand before the turned seats.

"I thought you motioned to me," she said gently. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"I should say you had done considerable in that line already," he answered heartily. "How came you to think of anything so sensible as stopping the train? Most any girl I know would have yelled like a screech-owl, and danced up and down a few times, and then finished up by fainting dead away, before anybody had found out what was the matter. How came you to act so differently from the usual style?"

"I didn't know that was the way to do," Christie said, a little glimmer of a laugh in her gray eyes. "Are you much hurt?"

"Not so very. My ankle is sprained, they say, and I feel somewhat as though I was a hundred and fifty years old, and had enjoyed the rheumatism for about half a century. Sit down here and let us talk about it." So Christie sat down on the extreme edge of the farther seat.

"I wish I could do something to help the pain," she said. "If your ankle is broken, it ought to be set, and I almost think that the man who sits in the seat right before mine is a doctor."

"The ankle will keep until we get to the city. We are half-way there by this time, though we seem to have plenty of hinderances this morning. I say, how many trains of cars have you stopped in your life?"

"I never did such a thing before," Christie said, her eyes dancing now, "and I had just promised that I wouldn't stop this one; but you see there wasn't anything else to do."

"Well, I'll tell you what I think. I think it was about as plucky a thing to do as I ever heard of in my life. Halloo, we are stopping again! This train has got so used to stopping that it can't go more than a mile without trying it. Can this be the junction? Just take a look out, will you, and report?"

"There are four rows of tracks instead of two," said Christie, "and they go criss-cross."

"Then it is the switch!" Wells exclaimed, and there was such a peculiar sound to his voice, that Christie turned from the window to look at him.

"The switch!" she repeated, "what does that mean?"

"It means that the express train passes us here, and that just about now she is rushing over those rails where I lay a few minutes ago. Here she comes!"

CHAPTER IV.

A roar of machinery, a succession of dizzying flashes past the window, then sudden relief from the deafening noise, and the express train had gone on its way.

Christie looked at Wells Burton. His face was very grave, and she thought it a trifle paler than before.

"Did you know that? he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the departed train.

"Did I know what?"

"That the express train was almost due, and would come thundering over me so soon?"

Christie shivered. "I did not know anything about the express train," she said.

"Well, you could not have done any quicker work if you had known. It is queer, I didn't think of it. I thought of almost everything else while I lay there; it was the queerest thing that ever happened to me. I can't think how it happened. I've stood on that very step fifty times this winter, and never thought of such a thing as slipping. I suppose there was ice on my boots. Nice-looking boot, isn't it?" he said, glancing down at it. "The conductor made short work of getting it off, with that sharp knife of his. Look here, I don't know why I keep talking about boots and things, instead of trying to thank you, and show my gratitude in some way. Boys don't know how to do that sort of thing, anyhow. You ought to see my mamma, or, she ought to see you. Mothers know how to say what they feel."

"I don't want to be thanked," said Christie, her cheeks flushing, "I didn't do anything."

"No, only saved my life, and showed more pluck and common sense and quick wit than any fourteen girls put together ever had before. You see, if you had wasted twenty-five seconds, this train couldn't have run back to pick me up, without running into the express; and I should just have had to lie there and be crushed. I couldn't move, any more than if I had been dead; in fact, I was dead when they picked me up; fainted, you know. But before I fainted, I knew just what had happened, and where I was, and what was likely to happen next. I didn't think of this express that has just rushed by, but I thought of the up-train, due in half an hour, and I knew there wasn't a house nor a shed within a mile. Did you ever come to a

place where you thought you could see pretty plainly that you were not going to live but a few minutes more?"

"Once I was very sick indeed," Christie said, "and the doctor gave me up, and mother thought I was dying; and they told me that I couldn't live but a few minutes."

"And what did you do?"

The blood rolled in waves over Christie's face and neck. It was rather hard to talk to a strange boy who might laugh at her, about one of the most solemn experiences of her life. She was not used to talking with boys, only Karl, and he never asked such straight-out questions about things, and waited for answers. Something must be said; and what should be said but the truth? Was she ashamed of it? Christie wondered.

She dropped her gray eyes, and her voice was low but clear as she said: "I prayed."

There was no sound of a laugh or a sneer in answer. "Yes," he said, nodding his head as though he understood, "so did I. I wonder if they all do when they get into downright trouble? I have heard that people did; bad men, you know, and all sorts of people. It seems sort of mean, and—well, I don't suppose girls use such words, but what we boys would call sneaking. Don't you think so?"

But Christie, in her confusion, did not understand him. Did he mean that boys would call it "sneaking" to pray? "What is?"

"Why, living along all your life without thinking of such a thing as praying; until just when you get into trouble, and then praying with all your might, and getting helped out, and going on just the same as you did before."

"Oh," said Christie, relieved, "why, yes, I think that would be mean; but then real honest people don't do it."

"They don't? What do they do then? Weren't you honest?"

"Yes," said Christie gravely, "I was, but I didn't go on just as I did before; everything was just as different as could be."

"What do you mean? What was different?"

"Why, I myself. I didn't feel the same, nor do the same. I don't think I can explain what I mean."

"Didn't you pray to get well?"

"A little; and I prayed to be made ready to die if I was to die, and to—not to be afraid, you know."

"Well?"

"And pretty soon the feeling afraid all went away, and I didn't think it made much difference whether I got well or not; and for days and days nobody thought I would."

"But you did get well?"

"Oh, yes, I did, of course, or else I should not be here now."

And at this point Christie could not help giving a little laugh. Wells did not laugh at all. He looked grave and perplexed.

"That is just what I said," he repeated. "You prayed to be gotten out of trouble, and you got out, and then things went on as before."

"But things didn't go on as before," persisted Christie. "I asked not to be afraid to die; to have a heart given to me that could trust Jesus anyhow, whether he wanted me to live or die. And I got it; so of course things were different."

"You got it!"

"Why, yes. All in a minute everything seemed changed. I can't tell you how; but then I know it was so."

"When was that?"

"That I was sick? It was a year ago last December, just a little bit before Christmas."

"And the difference lasts?"

"Oh, yes; it lasts," said Christie, with a curious little smile. "Every day when I'm working it all comes back, you know, in a quick little think."

She began to think that this was the strangest boy to talk she had ever heard of. He was even stranger than some of the boys in story books.

"Well," he said, after a few moments of silence, "I prayed to be made ready to die too; for when this train rattled off I didn't see any other way. It didn't seem probable that anybody would come along that lonesome road on Christmas day in time to save me, and I meant to be honest; but I didn't think of such a thing as it's lasting if I got out of the scrape."

Christie looked puzzled.

"How could it last to take you to Heaven, if it wouldn't last any when you were not to go to Heaven yet?" she asked.

And then Wells Burton laughed, though the pain in his ankle immediately made heavy wrinkles come back into his face.

"It looks like playing a very poor game, I'll own," he said; "but I thought I meant it."

"But if you really did mean it, you gave yourself away to Him, and, if you are honest, how can you take yourself back?"

To this he made no answer for several seconds, and, indeed, what he said next can hardly be called an answer:

"Then you are a Christian!"

The red came back in swift waves to Christie's cheeks. She had been so interested as to hardly remember that the talk was partly about herself; but this plain question which was also an exclamation, brought back her embarrassment.

"I think I am," she said hesitatingly, and then ashamed of such witnessing, added boldly; "Yes, I know I am."

"And I know that I am not," he said, with a little laugh.

(To be continued.)

WHY WE CALL THE CAT "PUSS."

Did you ever think why we call the cat "puss?" A great many years ago, the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought the cat was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes change, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a bright little crescent, or half moon as we say. Did you ever notice pussy's eyes, to see how they change? So these people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they give to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. But few know that it was given to her thousands of years ago.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Family Circle.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Upon a bleak hill-side,
One dreary winter's night,
When earth was wrapped in gloom,
And stars gave little light,
Some simple shepherds rested on the ground,
Their peaceful flocks slept quietly around.

Sudden a dazzling blaze
Of glory fills the sky,
And swift an angel bright
Comes down from God on high.
The shepherds tremble; but to calm their fears,
This gracious message greets their wondering ears:

"The Saviour now is born,
In Bethlehem town He lies;
He comes to save mankind,
And lead them to the skies."
The shepherds listen, while their souls do glow,
That God such love to sinful men should show.

"He comes in low estate;
Beneath a humble shed,
Within a manger poor,
He lays his sacred head."
The shepherds marvel that to such rude home
The King of kings and Lord of worlds should come.

And now the angelic host
The whole horizon fill;
"Glory to God," they sing,
"Peace, and to men good-will!"
The shepherds with great gladness hear the song,
And gaze with rapture on the seraph throng.

The heavenly chorus swells,
And then it dies away;
The gentle angels fade,
And night resumes her sway.
The joyful shepherds rise with one accord;
"Come, let us go," they say, "and seek the Lord."

O'er rough and toilsome road
Their way they onward keep;
Yet no fatigue they know
Nor stop for food or sleep.
Such power upon them has that angel strain
That from the blessed quest they cannot now refrain.

Soon in the lowly shed,
Upon His mother's knee,
With oxen feeding round,
The holy Child they see.
And now they cast themselves before His feet,
And worship Him, and sing their carols sweet.
—*Churchman.*

NO CARDS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Mother, let's have a Christmas of our own this year. Most all the girls has 'em at their houses—some has Christmas trees, and some has hangin' up stockin's and they makes presents and they gets presents, and there's candy, and it's nice. Do let's, mother."

Tildy Crofts spoke very earnestly as her mother sat darning discouraging holes in a large pile of small stockings.

"'Twouldn't be no sort o' use to try. You can't spread a pound of butter over a whole acre of bread, and no more you can't make a little bit o' money go more'n just so far. There's too many here to do for, Tildy!"

"But that's just why I'd like to do it, mother. They'd like it so."

"Yes, I know they would, and so would you, and so would I. But it a'n't no sort o' use to try—none!"

And Tildy could not stir her up on the subject. There was a large family, and a husband who never "got along," and the struggle which always comes in company with these conditions had long ago taken away whatever of energy or spirit the poor woman might have possessed. Tildy, now thirteen, going occasionally to school, and to Sunday-school, was beginning to take in influences which came from happier homes, and her childish heart was sometimes sorely perplexed between her desire of having things more "like folks," and her discouragement over the hopelessness of the ground she had to work.

But her anxiety to have a Christmas tree of their own was becoming too strong to be destroyed by the lack of sympathy shown by her mother. She went out and sat down in the back yard, resting her hands on her knees and her head on her hands, looking at the three or four chickens feeding there.

"Turkeys are the thing to have, but them that don't have turkeys has chicken-pie. Mis' Bartlett says so. I'd hate to have my poor chickens killed, but I'm bound have a Christmas. Might have a dried apple pie to come after, with orange peel in, and clean plates to hand it 'round on! I'm goin' to hem a handkerchief for father. I'd like to make a pincushion for mother; then she'd stick her pins in it, and not in her dress and scratch the baby. I'd like to have a tree—trees are splendid; Jim could get a tree in the woods. But then there has to be lots o' things onto a tree to make it look anyways stylish and proper."

But there was in Tildy stuff which surely had not come of either father or mother, for the more it appeared as if she couldn't possibly have a Christmas tree, the more she determined she would.

"Fifty cents apiece, mamma, please, for the Christmas cards," cried three happy children dressed for a morning shopping.

"Dear me! it really seems too much, children, when you get so much besides. A dollar and a half for what could so easily be done without, and times so hard!"

"Why! a'n't we to have our cards, mamma?" The three faces looked surprised and grieved.

"Oh, yes, dears, I suppose so, but I sometimes think you little ones are learning to care too much for your own selves, and not enough for others about you who have so little. I wish you could have heard Aunt Laura tell me the other day about one of her Sunday-school class who was thankful for such very small helps and showings-how in the way of Christmas doings. This season, when our Lord came a little child among us, ought to be a time for children to try to do good to each other."

"I would like to, mamma," said Bessie.

"Real helping means a little doing without ourselves, you know, dear. But we'll talk of it again. Run along now, little ones; don't stay too long."

Bessie kept on thinking she would like to help aunt Laura help the poor little girl, till they came to the cards and then she forgot her. They were beautiful in their endless showing of flowers, birds, angels, and pretty child-faces. The great difficulty was to choose among so many. She was soon in deep discussion with Susie and Emily as to the desirability of buying a cheap lot which would enable them to send one to half the girls they knew, besides some for the home circle, or a few more choice for a few more favored ones, when she heard a voice close at her elbow,

"Oh-h-h-h—ha'n't them lovely, now!"

The words came from a girl she had seen at school, but had little to do with, with a stubby figure, homely face, and keen, good-natured-looking black eyes. Very poor she looked—not at all like a customer for fancy goods, as the clerk seemed to think, for he paid little attention to her except to interpose slightly as a younger child who was with her seemed anxious to handle the easily soiled wares, clamoring rather noisily,

"Let me see—let me see!"

"'Sh, now, Patty, them a'n't meant for you nor me."

But the speaker leaned rapturously over a card which Bessie would not have supposed would attract her, one not gaudily colored, but exquisite in soft delicate tinting and dreamy allegorical figures. But she turned from it with a sigh to ask the price of some ladies' polka-dotted lawn ties.

"Twenty-five cents." She hesitated, and then in a lower voice asked,

"You couldn't sell two for forty cents, could you?"

"No." A wistful look followed the red dots as they went back into the showcase. The blue one she bought could not be intended to go near her own coal-black hair and eyes.

"Don't you tell mother about this," she cautioned Patty, turning just in time to rescue from her not overclean hands a card with a bright colored bird. Patty gave it up with a pitiful look which went to Bessie's heart as she watched the two.

"I want it—I want it awful bad," she whimpered.

"Look here;" the older girl led her to a loaded Christmas tree, on which both gazed with wonder and admiration. Then the latter slipped back and bought the card, a cheap one, without letting the child see, and they went out.

"It's Tildy Crofts," said Susie, looking after them. "Jessie Barnes says they're the slackest, good-for-nothingest set in town."

"I don't care," said Bessie, "I'm sorry for her. I wonder what kind of Christmas such folks have?"

"Oh, never mind that—it don't concern us, you know. Come, let's club together and buy this lot. See, they're beauties."

But Bessie was looking down at the card which Tildy Crofts had admired, half thinking of the angels on it who were showering blessings down with liberal hands, half wondering why beautiful cards and all the other beautiful things which go to make up Christmas-tide in beautiful homes, should belong to one child and not another—to her and not to Tildy Crofts. Wondering too, in a vague sort of way, if it might not be so ordered to give the one a chance to do that good by the other of which her mother had spoken, and slowly making up her mind that it ought to be some concern of hers what kind of Christmas Tildy Crofts had.

"No, I'm not going to buy those," she said, paying for the card she was looking at.

"Twenty cents for that one!" exclaimed Emily. "Why, if you buy such nice ones, you won't be able to get half enough for the girls, or for father and mother."

"I a'n't going to get any for the girls, nor for father and mother. I'm going to send this to Tildy Crofts."

"Tildy—Crofts!" Her sisters stood with open eyes in astonishment and dismay. "Such a beauty. I thought you were going to send it to Belle Whitman."

"See, here," Bessie drew a little aside from the crowd of purchasers, "Belle Whitman gets more cards than she knows what to do with, and everything else too. I think it would be ever so nice to give things to some one that don't get things, don't you?" The others looked doubtful.

"If you mean to send cards to all the Croftses, it will take nine more," said Susie, hesitatingly. "I heard Tildy, one day, telling the teacher there were nine besides her."

"Just think of so many poor little things not having a good Christmas. But I a'n't going to buy any more cards, I'm going to buy that necktie for Tildy." When this was done she had just five cents left.

"There must be a baby among so many," she said with a very positive air. "I mean to buy it a rattle—babies always like rattles. Now, I'm going to find Jimmy Crofts. I know he drives a grocery waggon, a little way from here, for I saw Tildy talking to him, and he's got red hair and squints."

Bessie started out full of her new interest and the others followed in a great state of perplexity over this confusion thrown on their plans. Jimmy was found loading his grocery waggon, and Bessie approached him confidentially.

"Will you give this to Tildy?" she said, offering her small parcel.

"Yes'm, sure, seein' you wants me ter."

"But they're for Christmas. Couldn't you manage to put them where she'd find them on Christmas morning, for a surprise, you know?"

Jim's face beamed as he took the parcel.

"Crackey, now! But I guess you didn't know we're agoin' to have a real right up an' down Christmas to our house, did you?"

"No, I didn't," said Bessie.

"Sure's—you—live! An' a tree! Me'n' Tildy's a doin' of it, 'n nobody else don't know 'cept the teacher as has been a showin' of her how to string popcorn onto strings, 'n' make popcorn balls with dabs o' red onto 'em, 'n' stars o' shiny paper, 'n' lots o' doin's!"

"Well, can't you hang these on the tree when Tildy don't see?"

"I'll do it of I have to set up all night for it!" said Jim fervently.

"I'm glad I did it," said Bessie as they turned away.

"I wish I had," said Emily.

"We can yet," said Susie. "Let's go in here. But what shall we get?"

They looked rather helplessly around upon everything necessary to make Christmas for any whose age might fall between one month and a hundred years.

"Tops are nice—let's get tops."

"Nine tops? But we don't know whether they are all boys."

"Dolls, then. See these cunning little ones?"

"But what if they should not all be girls?"

"We ought to get something useful for poor folks," said Susie, looking wise. "Mittens or scarfs or stockings."

"But we couldn't get enough with our money. I say, let's get some pretty things for their tree—something just to make them glad—that they wouldn't get any other way, poor things!"

So it was agreed. Some bright-colored candy was bought, then such love-fruit in the way of tree decoration as would make the most gorgeous show for the least money. Jimmy was again waylaid, and the treasures entrusted to him, under solemn promise that he would never tell where they came from—no, not if he lived a thousand years.

"And we won't tell anybody else."

"No. How they'll wonder why we give no cards to anybody."

Aunt Laura peeped in on the afternoon of the sunny Christmas day.

"Come, Bessie, Susie, Emily, I'm going to see some of my pets, and I'll take you."

Two or three old people were visited, to each one of whom the day had been made pleasant by her remembrance, and then they stopped at a door which was not thick enough to keep in the sounds of noisy mirth.

"Now you'll see a jolly little bee-hive," said Aunt Laura, as the door opened.

"If it isn't Tildy Crofts!" said Bessie, in an amazed whisper.

"Come in," cried Tildy, with a face which would have brightened at sight of her teacher if it had not already been so radiant as to make that impossible. "Yes'm," she went on in a flutter of joy and excitement—"there 'tis—a tree! A Christmas tree—at our house! Jes' for all the world like other folkses' Christmas trees, ha'n't it?"

Mrs. Crofts came forward with more of an appearance of life in the face, over the blue dotted tie she wore, than had been seen there for many a day. The red dots graced Tildy's neck, both being tied in as large a bow as their size would admit. The children gathered around with faces full of Christmas sunshine.

"I guess you knowed something about this," said Tildy, with an affectionate smile at her teacher, as she displayed a neatly fitted up little work-basket. "I'm agoin' to keep everybody's clothes mended now, so mother 'll git more time for keepin' things slicked up. And look a-here, Jim made this feather-brush out o' the tail-feathers of the chicken that made the pie. Jes' see how it works—wait till I find some dust, we've dusted nigh about all there was a'ready."

Aunt Laura inwardly hoped the duster might lead to improvements in the Crofts housekeeping.

"But do you see the bought things?"

Tildy returned to the tree in a fresh burst of delight. "I thought we was jest agoin' to have home doin's onto it. Jimmy—he's gone out 'cause he had to do a little work to the store—well, Jimmy he knows somethin' o' how these be-you-chiful bought things come," she shook her head mysteriously; "but says he can't never tell, not on no account whatever, no more'n if he was dumb. Says 'twas angels done it. (I guess 'twas too.) Says—look a-here—" she reverently drew from its envelope the card Bessie had bought, and went on impressively, "Jimmy says the angels looked preci's'ly like them in this pictur!"

Aunt Laura caught the quick look which Bessie cast at Susie; a look in which a tear arose above the amused smile, as the feeling grew warm in her heart that this helping to make Christmas bright for the Crofts family was the sweetest work she had ever done.

"Ah!" Aunt Laura said, as they got outside the door, "I wonder if this is why there were no cards at home?"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Where your treasure is,
there will your heart be also.

MATT. 6: 21.

SOAP BUBBLE SECRETS.

BY THE REV. C. G. CHILD.

Few know all that a bubble can afford in the way of amusement at a slight outlay. Does my reader know how to make a giant bubble? has he learned how to employ soap bubbles as magic lantern slides? did he ever see them used as parlor ornaments? or is a soap bubble in harness an every day thing with him? If not, he will find these uses of the bubble described in the present article and I would add that the experiments will prove interesting and beautiful to old as well as young.

We must first learn how to make the giant bubble. This is the king of bubbles, the largest, the longest-lived, and the most beautiful. If you can imagine a bubble two or even three feet in diameter, with an existence measured by hours instead of seconds, glowing with colors five times as gorgeous as those of the ordinary bubble, you have just such a one in your mind's eye as you can make for yourself by carefully following directions.

Procure two ounces of palm oil or Castile soap, the former is preferable. Cut it in pieces the size of a pea, and place them in a bottle of clear glass with a pint of rain water. Shake violently until the water has taken up as much soap as it will hold. You have now what is called a saturated solution of soap. Place it aside, and leave it from twenty-four to thirty-six hours until it has settled, either perfectly clear or of a light pearl color. If, after thirty-six hours, the solution still remains clouded, pour off a little of the water and add more. This time it will scarcely fail to settle as desired. Carefully pour off, straining through flannel, add half a pint of pure glycerine, and when the two have had time to mingle thoroughly, you are ready to blow a giant bubble.

To blow the very largest bubbles it is necessary to have a larger pipe than the clay pipe commonly used, though such a pipe will produce large bubbles. A glass funnel two or three inches in diameter, fitted with a piece of rubber tubing, produces enormous bubbles. There is a very ingenious apparatus used, which admits of putting the finger within the pipe itself. By this means fresh soap solution may be smeared within the pipe, affording renewed nourishment to the bubble, and enabling the experimenter to blow it to an incredible size.

These bubbles are distinguished not only for their size, but for their beauty and durability. I have known bubbles made by this method to last two or three hours in the open air, and from twenty-four to thirty-six under glass, precaution being taken that the air of the room be pure, and that no rough touch destroy their fragile lives. But now let us find out how we may examine the bubble with the greatest ease and to the best advantage.

Procure a piece of pine board about three inches square. In the middle of this fix a piece of iron wire, free from rust, twenty inches in length. At about six inches distant from the board bend the wire into a circle, the plane of which is parallel with that of the board, and with a diameter of five inches. Blow a bubble of six or seven inches in diameter, and gently place it in the ring, it will not break, and by tilting the pipe you may free it from the bubble. Thus placed the bubble shows off the colors to great advantage, for, as has been said, the glycerine bubble will last for hours, unlike the ordinary one, as fragile as it is lovely. Three or four bubbles of various sizes, placed under glass on such standards, form a beautiful object for a drawing-room, especially if their colors are seen against a background of some black material.

Next, as to employing soap-bubbles, or, more correctly, soap films, as magic-lantern slides. Those who do not possess a magic lantern may try the experiment, though to less advantage in the following way: Dip the mouth of a tumbler lightly in the soapy solution, raise it gently and a soap film will remain stretched across the mouth. Hold the tumbler horizontally, and the same beautiful effects of color may be seen on the film as are thrown on the wall when the magic lantern is used. For a magic lantern go to work as follows:

Take a slip of card-board, the same size as one of your slides, and in it cut a circular hole, proportional in diameter to the width of the slide. Pour some of the solution into a shallow dish, and dip the slide into it. Raise it gently, and a film will be left in the hole. Slip the slide with care into the lantern and await results. For a moment the circle of light on the wall remains clear, but soon at the bottom a faint tinge of color appears, growing stronger and stronger, and moving upward. It settles into a band of color at last, still moving steadily upward, and succeeded by another band of another tint, which follows it, and so on, until the great circle on the wall is gorgeous with the same beautiful hues as appear on the bubble, but not stirring uneasily together as these seem, but in regular bands ever moving upward. Now jar the slide gently, and presto!—the bands break and whirl together in an astonishing maze of color, wonderful in beauty. This is really one of the most beautiful experiments imaginable, and will never fail to call forth hearty admiration.

Now for an exceedingly amusing experiment—the harnessed soap-bubble. Take a piece of the thinnest writing paper you can find, and from it cut a circular piece a little less than a dime in size. To one end of this attach a thread by the aid of a tiny drop of sealing wax—the less the better. Blow the bubble to an ordinary size, and then touch the round piece to it gently. The bubble will adhere to it, and by gently tipping the pipe you may leave the bubble suspended by the string.

A bubble blown by the mouth sinks, but if the pipe is attached by a piece of rubber tubing to a gas fixture, the bubble then blown being filled with a gas lighter than air will be carried upward as far as the string will allow. Thus you have a veritable balloon, and if just sufficient string is allowed to keep it balanced midway between floor and ceiling, it will perform very curious antics. Those currents of air which exist in every room, unfelt by the inmates, are strong draughts to the fragile and delicate bubble. It will follow these currents, now visiting the ceiling, now running along the floor, and escaping as if by a miracle the obstacles in its path. If there is a lamp or gas jet in the room it will be gradually attracted toward it, and carried by the upward current of hot air, will dash toward the ceiling as if bent on committing suicide. But bounding on the cushion of dead air, which always lies on the surface of every solid object, it bends at right angles and darts off, escaping as if by some inward power the face into which it was apparently plunging headlong, and again circles round the room, till drawn a second time into the current of hot air.

The ingenious reader will be able to work up the hints above given into a variety of amusing and beautiful experiments. The last described will perhaps afford most amusement in various ways, which will readily occur to his mind while using the novel toy. The true secret of success in these experiments, as in everything, is carefulness. If the soapy solution is prepared with care, there is no reason why the reader should not be entirely successful in the experiments.—*Harper's Young People.*

MAKE THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS HAPPY.

There's a time for work and a time for play. Much study is a weariness to the flesh, and rest, recreation, with fun and frolic, is the best medicine for a child who has been diligent in study for many weeks. Home never is so sweet to the child as when he returns to it from school, where he has done well and won the approbation of his teachers. He feels that he deserves the praise he receives from his parents, and he enters with delight upon the pleasures and pastimes they have prepared for him. In after-life no recollections of youth are more lovingly cherished than the holidays, including Christmas and New Year's spent in a Christian home. They begin a little earlier now and last a while longer, so that the young folks manage to get two or three weeks' recess. But that is all well; they will study the harder and learn the more for the relaxation they have had. And if they are lazy and hate books, and will not learn, it is very little matter whether they go to school or not. At any rate, the holidays are the season for play, and they are wise who make the most of it. It is a sad mistake of some parents that all time is lost which is not spent in some positively useful work. Play is useful, but it is not work. Play is the efflorescence of young life, the blossom that precedes the fruit. It is quite as good in its season as the toil that comes by-and-by when the back aches with the burden of life. He is wise who finds innocent sport for his children, especially in the holiday season. This is the most difficult and delicate duty a parent is required to perform. The children get into the company of other children, and very soon insist on choosing their own amusements. These are often such as judicious and pious parents do not wish their children to participate in. What is to be done about it? To forbid is to grieve the children and cut them off from the company of others of whom they are fond. And yet there is only one side of the question for a sensible and conscientious parent to take. The health, morals, mind, and soul of the child may be at stake. To be firm in the right is the only kindness to a child who wishes to do wrong. And the child uniformly treated with indulgence in all things innocent, will readily submit to parental counsel when tempted to go in the way of evil. I can set up no wall over which children may not jump. I cannot make out a list of amusements and say you may play this and must not play that. There are rural games, common fifty years ago and now, which would be shocking to the sensibilities of city people. There are amusements common in the city that would be justly regarded as evil in the country, but are actually no worse than many plays greatly enjoyed by the best of young people in the rural districts. There is not one standard of right and wrong for the city and another for the country. But things in themselves indifferent, or innocent, may be something else in other circumstances, associations and surroundings. It is therefore hard to draw the line. Let us be charitable in our judgment of others, and true to our own convictions.

Make the holidays happy days. Only the good are truly happy, and the only play, the only amusement, that children or older people should pursue is such as the Christ-child would enjoy if he were a boy among boys to-day.

On my wall hangs a picture of Joseph at work as a carpenter, while the child Jesus stands by. What a fine face he has! so bright, so pure, so full of beauty and of promise. He knew no sin. And he grew in favor with God and man. He was the best boy, and therefore the happiest boy who ever lived. No doubt he played with young companions and enjoyed the games of childhood and youth as much as any mother's son in all Judea. And in his lovely young life I find a type of the child whose amusements were such only as became him whose birth is celebrated with every return of Christmas-day. His life is our example in childhood and manhood alike, and a merry Christmas to all like Him who was obedient unto his parents while a child, and in the hour of greatest sorrow said to His Father in heaven, "Not my will, but thine be done."
—*Irenæus in N. Y. Observer.*

"ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Josepha was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought, and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her. It is true that was only put off; the present was to come, but still Josepha felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broken into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a little sermon instead:

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees, but instead of helping his father to help him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! Why, I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it is a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come'?"

"'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,'" repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do His will, just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said her listener, slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident. I am sure they do it promptly; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herelf. Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get to-day," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Churchman.*

OUR MESSIAH.

"Lo! He came, the Lord of glory,
Born and cradled in a stall,
Sure He had but scanty welcome,
Seeing He was Lord of all.

"Yet, in sooth, He sought no other;
Nor to earth for homage came.
Here He took the form of servant,
Here He bared the cheek to shame.

"Not of this world was His kingdom,
He lived not at monarch's cost,
He sought not the known and honored,
But he came to seek the lost."

—*Ex.*

Question Corner.—No. 24.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where is the prophecy in the Old Testament that Christ should be born in Bethlehem?
2. What is the first prophecy of Christ in the Bible?
3. What was Jacob's prophecy of Christ?
4. What was Baalam's prophecy of Christ?
5. Give two prophecies, one in Isaiah and one in Malachi, referring to John the Baptist.
6. What chapter of Isaiah is entirely occupied with a description of Christ?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Arrange the words in the form of a diamond.

The key to the whole is contained in the answer to the sixth question, and the central letters of each word together express the same.

1. A consonant.
2. A Hebrew prefix signifying son.
3. A father petitioned by his daughter for springs of water.
4. One of the Cities of Refuge.
5. The bearer of a scornful message from a mighty king to the people of Judah.
6. The type of "our Prophet, Priest, and King."
7. A glad name, by which Zion is one day to be called.
8. The faithful servant of a man distinguished for his faith.
9. An early convert to the Apostolic church.
10. The sea, a passage through which was miraculously effected.
11. A consonant.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

1. Cana. 2. Herod. 3. Innocents. 4. Lamb. 5. Doves. 6. Redeemer. 7. Emmanuel. 8. Nathanael. 9. Olives. 10. Bartholomew. 11. Elizabeth. 12. Yoke. 13. Youth. 14. Ointment. 15. Unleavened. 16. Resurrection. 17. Peter. 18 Ass. 19 Rock. 20. Egypt. 21. Nicodemus 22. Thomas. 23. Simeon 24. Intercession. 25. Nazareth. 26 Andrew. 27. Lazarus. 28. Lord's Supper. 29. Turtle Doves. 30. High Priest. 31. Isaac 32. Nain. 33. Gabriel. 34. Saviour.

INITIALS. "Children, obey your parents in all things." Written by Paul, Col. 3. 20.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French Bella F. Christie, Charles Rudd, and Willie S. Pulk.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.

Dec. 21, 1884.] [Eccles. 12: 1-14.

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13, 14.

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain;

3. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

9. And moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

10. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

11. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

12. And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

13. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

14. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccles. 12: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Eccles. 12: 1-14.....The Creator Remembered.
T. Matt. 6: 16-23.....The Heavenly Treasure.
W. 1 John 2: 14-29.....Counsels for the Young.
Th. 1 Sam. 3: 1-21.....A Young Prophet.
F. 2 Chron. 34: 1-22....A Young King.
Sa. Ps. 37: 23-40.....The Righteous Never Forsaken.
S. 2 Pet. 3: 1-14..... The Day of the Lord.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Time for Remembering. 2. The Reason for Remembering.

Time.—About B.C. 977. Place.—Written by Solomon at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

In this chapter the royal preacher gives the conclusion of his discourse upon the chief good, and urges the young to seek it in the service of their Creator. The infirmities of age are strikingly set forth under the emblem of an old, decaying house, and youth are urged to begin a life of piety before the coming of these days of sorrow and infirmity.

LESSON NOTES.

I. V. 1. THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH—the best days, not the dregs of them. Prov. 8: 17; 22: 6. EVIL DAYS—of old age, as contrasted with youth V. 2. WHILE THE SUN—while prosperity continues. NOR THE CLOUDS RETURN—as in old age, breaking the short intervals of joy. If youth is spent in sin, age will bring sorrow. V. 3. KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE—the house is the body, the keepers are the hands and arms; the strong men, the feet and legs; the grinders, the teeth; and those that look out, the eyes. V. 4. THE DOORS—the lips. THE SOUND OF THE GRINDING IS LOW—the old cannot eat their food with satisfaction. RISE UP AT THE VOICE OF THE BIRD—the old rise early because they are sleepless. DAUGHTERS OF MUSIC—their musical powers are weakened, they care very little for song. V. 5. THAT WHICH IS HIGH—high hills, steep places. THE ALMOND TREE SHALL FLOURISH — the white almond-blossoms resemble the silvery hair of age. THE GRASSHOPPER SHALL BE A BURDEN—the least weight oppresses. HIS LONG HOME—Hebrew, "the house of his eternity." Job. 10: 22. V. 6. OR EVER—before; in close connection with the first clause of verse 1. THE SILVER CORD—the thread of life. This verse may refer to the spinal cord, the brain, the heart and lungs; or, in general, to the mainsprings of life. V. 7. The body is material, and returns to the dust; the soul is immaterial and immortal, and returns to God.

II.—V. 8. ALL IS VANITY—the world as a source of happiness is an utter failure. V. 11. AS GOADS—like sharpened sticks urging men to duty. MASTERS OF ASSEMBLIES—inspired teachers. FROM ONE SHEPHERD—God the great Shepherd of Israel. V. 12. BY THESE—inspired words. Books may be multiplied, but heavenly wisdom only is deserving of our earnest, untiring pursuit. The word of God is the Book of books evermore. V. 13. THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER—the fitting close, the grand inference of the whole book. THIS IS THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN—literally, "the whole man;" the whole profit, interest, duty of man. V. 14. The solemn day, the day of judgment will come. We are not like the beasts that perish, but rational, accountable beings, destined to live for ever.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should begin to serve God while we are young.

2. That we must expect peculiar trials in old age.

3. That old age is an unfavorable time to seek religion.

4. That we should serve the Lord with gladness at all times.

5. That we must certainly give account to God for all our opportunities.

LESSON XIII.

Dec. 28, 1884.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Blessed is everyone that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways."—Ps. 128: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Lessons I., II. | F. Lessons VIII., IX.
T. Lesson III. | Sa. Lessons X., XI.
W. Lessons IV., V. | S. Lesson XII.
Th. Lessons VI. VII.

INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Who was the first king of Israel? How was he chosen to that office? How long did he reign? What are the principal events of his reign? Of what sin was he guilty? How was he punished? Give an account of his death.

Whom did the Lord choose to succeed Saul? From whom was David descended? When and by whom was he first anointed king? For what purpose was he first brought to the court of Saul? What was his first great exploit? Why did Saul become his enemy? What were the leading events in his life before the death of Saul?

By which of the tribes was David then made king? What city was his capital? How long did he reign in Hebron? Who was made king by the other tribes? How did his reign end? What did all the tribes then do? What city did David make his capital? How long did he reign in Jerusalem? What were the leading events of his reign? What part of the Bible did he write?

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS.

I.—What is the title of the first lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Who now claimed the throne? Who favored his claims? Who informed David of the plot? What did David do? How did the people receive the proclamation?

II.—What is the title of the second lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did David charge Solomon to do? Why had David not built the temple himself? What had the Lord promised respecting Solomon? What had David provided? What charge did he give to the princes of Israel?

III.—What is the title of the third lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did the Lord appear to Solomon? What did he say to him? For what did Solomon ask? What did the Lord think of his request? What more did he promise him?

IV.—What is the title of the fourth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? When did Solomon begin to build the temple? Of what parts did the building consist? Of what was the house built? What were its dimensions? How did the Lord encourage Solomon in his work?

V.—What is the title of the fifth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Who offered the prayer of dedication? With whom did he say God keeps covenant? How did God keep his promise to David? Whose prayers did Solomon ask God to hear? What blessings did he ask in answer to prayer?

VI.—What is the title of the sixth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? For what purpose did the queen of Sheba visit Solomon? How many of her questions did Solomon answer? What did she say of what she saw and heard? What presents did she give to Solomon? What does the Golden Text say of Jesus?

VII.—What is the title of the seventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What happened when Solomon was old? What did he worship? How did the Lord regard Solomon? What made Solomon's conduct the more wicked? What punishment did the Lord foretell?

VIII.—What is the title of the eighth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What is the beginning of wisdom? What is the counsel of wisdom? What must we do when tempted? What good advice does the wise man give? Why should we follow this advice?

IX.—What is the title of the ninth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Whom does wisdom call? What does she say? What does she promise? What is the value of wisdom? What is wisdom's call to the young?

X.—What is the title of the tenth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What evils of drunkenness are mentioned in verse 29? What counsel is given in verse 31? What does it do at the last? How may we avoid the danger of drunkenness? What should we do to check the evils of intemperance?

XI.—What is the title of the eleventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did Solomon first test? From what did he next seek enjoyment. What other sources of worldly pleasure did he test? What source of worldly pleasure did he pronounce the greatest? Did it stand the test?

XII.—What is the title of the twelfth lesson Golden Text? Lesson Plan? With what counsel does this lesson begin? Why should we begin a life of piety in youth? What becomes of us at death? What is the whole duty of man? How is this duty enforced?

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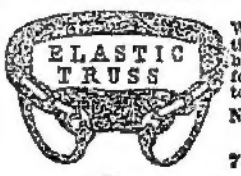

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